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September, 1817.

Mean monthly temp. from three observations each day	61.35°
do. do. do. from maxima of heat and cold	59.84
Greatest heat	85.00
Greatest cold	30.50
Mean height of the Barometer	29.907 in.
Greatest monthly range of do.	.600
Quantity of rain	2.150

Directions of the winds in proportional numbers, viz.

S. W. 8—N. W. 5.—N. E. 2.—S. 2.—N. 1.—E. 1.—S. E. 1.

Prevailing form of the clouds, *cumulus*. Lightning on the 10th, 11th, and 27th.

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Extreme states of the Thermometer in the University in Lexington, Kentucky, during the months of June, July, and August, 1817.
By Professor Bishop.

Thermometer exposed to the sun.

10 o'clock A. M.

Highest June 21st, 80°	July 30th, 82°	August 18th, 80°
Lowest 30th, 70	3d, 70	11th, 14th, 71

4 o'clock, P. M.

Highest June 16th, 28th, 86°	July 31st, 90°	August 18th, 95°
Lowest June 18th, 70	2d, 70	24th, 70

Thermometer in the shade.

10 o'clock, A. M.

Highest, June 21st, 77°	July 30th, 82°	August 7th, 77°
Lowest, 19th, 30th, 68	17th, 69	24th, 60

4 o'clock, P. M.

Highest, June 28th, 84°	July 30th, 81°	August 20th, 81°
Lowest, 19th, 30th, 71	2d, 70	27th, 66

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OBITUARY NOTICE.

Died, in New Orleans, August 23d, CHARLES HENRY BRUCE, Esq. formerly of Boston.

In the death of so young a man as Mr. Bruce, the community generally feel little concern. Few opportunities have been offered at so early an age for asserting the claims which may be possessed on public confidence and respect. The character, if fully formed, has not had means to exercise and display itself; and, though the loss of a mind which has given proof of the power and the disposition to be useful, is as great and real as if some of its value had already been shown, such proof can have come to the knowledge of but few, and the number of mourners is in proportion. But in that sacred circle where the domestic affections find their home,—where all the holds on happiness are concentrated, and upheld, and enshrined,—there is no season of life when the stroke of bereavement inflicts so severe a wound. The ambitious aspirations of unexperienced strength,—the active maturity of just formed character,—the manly glow of comprehensive generosity, as yet unquelled by the

selfishness, which makes the lesson of the busy world,—have a charm of their own, for the coldness of philosophy to approve, and the hopes of affection to feed upon. Even the uncertainty which rests upon the future, an uncertainty which the attached heart loves to fill with images of happiness and honour,—throws over that stage of life an interest entirely peculiar. The loss of a great and good man, who has been permitted to come safely to the end of his journey, and gather the full harvest of his fame, bears with it its own consolations; melancholy indeed, but ample. It is a comfort to know that a treasure so hardly earned, and so far more hardly kept, as the glory of a life devoted to usefulness and duty, is secure; and there are those who can make it a subject of grateful complacency, that death has set his seal on a fame so dear, and put it beyond the power of fortune.

We do not expect that many who read this tribute will sympathize with us in the feelings which we intend it to express; nor do we hope to add any thing to the impressions of those who have known the subject of it, for his perfect sincerity veiled nothing from the most careless observer. Much less would we intrude without cause on the holy solitude of domestick sorrow. But we should not willingly part forever from one, whom we have been accustomed so to regard, without some memorial, slight as it is, of his excellence, and some traces of recollections, which seem but more vivid, now that the object of them is no more.

Mr. Bruce was born in Boston, Oct. 8, 1789, and was the son of a gentleman who is remembered by many of our citizens with very cordial esteem. He was destined by his friends to a commercial life; but in the year 1809 the dissolution of the house, in which he had been engaged in preparing for it, left him free to indulge a taste for literary occupation, which had early manifested itself. He accompanied the Rev. Dr. Harris to England to assist in arranging the affairs of a deceased member of the firm; and not long after his return, in the autumn of 1811, was matriculated at our university. His career there was without many parallels for honourable and successful exertion; equally a subject of pride and satisfaction to his many friends, an example to his associates, and proof of his powers and worth. His perfect ingenuousness and generous sentiments, his conciliating kindness and singleness of heart, gathered around him a circle of devoted friends, in whose hearts his memory is embalmed with their most cherished recollections. Of his capacities and improvement of them it is proof enough to say, that in something more than two years after his admission into the university, he proposed himself for examination as a candidate for a higher class. The rules of the institution rendered it inadmissible, and to avoid the delay of a year from his professional studies, he transferred his connexions to Dartmouth college. At the commencement of 1814, he was graduated a bachelor of that society, and in the following year was admitted to the honours of the same grade at Cambridge. He applied himself to the study of the law, which he had all along had in view, in Providence, R. I. and having gone through an unusually full course of preparatory study, he determined on making New Orleans the scene of his future exertions. He embarked for that place in October of last year, and had entered on the practice of his profession with very highly encouraging prospects, when the disease which has from time to time made such fearful ravages in the southern section of our country, appeared, and made him one of its earliest victims on the 23d of August last.

In speaking of the character of this most deeply lamented young man, we endeavour to avoid being led into any thing like extravagant panegy-

rick by the partiality of friendship. He was the point of faithful regard, and the object of endeared expectations. As was said of a British statesman, 'he was a man formed to be loved.' He was kind, confiding, active, disinterested and sincere. There was no reserve or suspicion in him. He spoke his whole mind, and he felt with his whole soul. An unassuming, but high, uncompromising, independent integrity was the basis of his character; and a cheerfulness so seldom clouded that one might have thought he had never known any thing but good fortune, was what with those, who knew him but transiently, gave it an attraction seldom so strongly felt. It was most happy for him that he possessed this trait; for sorrow, and in full measure, was not spared him, such as might have crushed a less buoyant temper. One after another the objects of generous attachment had fallen about him; and in comparison with what he had been, he had begun to feel himself a stranger in the world. He watched with a fraternal interest the wasting strength of one* who is not to be named without reverence by any who have regard for friendship or for learning; for of one he was the idol and of the other the votary and the victim;—he watched him sinking into his grave by a gradual but sure decay, till the offices of kindness no longer had relief except for those who discharged them, and the fallacious hope constantly recurring, was as often discomfited and repelled. Scarcely a year since, he had been called to a distant part of our country to attend the decline of an only brother, and but reached it in time to assist at the last duties of affection. Still misfortune, though it came in a shape best fitted to depress such a spirit as his, had failed to subdue it; but it left its strong traces on his character, and gave it a tinge of that affecting tenderness, which none have known who have not been unhappy.

It was his lot, wherever he went, and he had been something of a traveller, to leave behind him many and hearty friends; and he died under the roof of one, who, a year ago, when he landed in New Orleans, was a stranger. Many cherished hopes are buried with him. Many endeared recollections are mourning by his tomb. To us remains his example and the softening memory of his regard. For the publick, what he was suffered to do gave proof of what he would have done. He would have been an eminent and a useful man; and that such a man should be taken away is matter of no private interest. What consolations there are for those, who must feel this bereavement with anguish more bitter than life has any thing to alleviate, there are others who can communicate better than we, and we fear that we have already been only opening the wounds of grief anew. The sad solace was denied them to watch his parting breath, and treasure his last wishes. 'Assidere valedudini, fovere deficientem, satiari vultu, complexu, non contigit.—Omnia sine dubio superfuere honori tuo; paucioribus tamen lacrymis compositus es, et novissimâ in luce desideravere aliquid oculi tui.'

* Mr. T. T. Randolph, whose death was noticed in a former number of the review.

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[The sickness, which lately prevailed with so much violence in Cambridge, must be our apology for the late appearance of the present number.]